A New SONG.

Being a SECOND PART to the ſame Tune of *Lillibullero*, &c.

A Treaty's on foot, look about *Engliſh* Boys,
Stop a Bad Peace as ſoon as you can;
A Peace, which our *Hanover's* Title deſtroys,
And ſhakes the high Throne of Our Glorious Queen *ANNE*.
Over, over, Hanover, *over,*
Haſte and aſſiſt our Queen and our State;
Haſt over, Hanover, *faſt as you can over;*
Put in your Claim, before 'tis too late.

A Bargain our Queen made with her good Friends,
The *States,* to uphold the Proteſtant Line;
If a Bad Peace is made, that Bargain then ends,
And ſpoils Her good Majeſty's gallant Deſign.
Over, over, &c.

A Creature there is, that goes by more Names
Than ever an honeſt Man could, ſhou'd or wou'd;
And I wiſh we don't find him an arrant King *James,*
Whene'er he peeps out from under his Hood.
Over, over, &c.

The *Dauphin* of *France* to a Monaſtry went
To viſit the Mother of him aforeſaid;
He wiſh'd her much Joy, and he left her Content
With a dainty fine Peace about to be made.
Over, over, &c.

What kind of a Peace, I think we may gueſs,
So welcome muſt be to her and her Lad:
And let any Man ſay it, if we can do leſs
Than be very ſorry, when they're very glad.
Over, over, &c.

Whoe'er is in Place, I care not a fig;
Nor will I decide 'twixt High-Church and Low:
'Tis now no Diſpute between *Tory* and *Whig,*
But whether a Popiſh Succeſſor, or No.
Over, over, &c.

Our Honeſt Allies this Peace does explain,
Of which our *French* Foes ſo loudly do boaſt;
But I hope, if they reckon on *India* and *Spain,*
They reckon without conſulting their Hoſt.
Over, over, &c.

Or elſe we muſt bid farewel to our Trade,
Whatever fine Tales ſome People have told;
For whene'er a Peace of that Nature is made,
We ſhall ſend out no Wool, nor bring home no Gold.
Over, over, &c.

Then wage on the War, Boys, with all your Might,
Our Taxes are great, but our Danger's not ſmall;
We'd better be half Undone, than be quite;
As half a Loaf's better than no Bread at all.
Over, over, &c.

F I N I S.